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VOL. 51, NO. 1/ JUNE 1972

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ADVERTISING OFFICES

CHICAGO 60614 425 W. Diversey Parkway (312) 528-4500
NEW YORK 10017 30 East 42nd St. (212) 682-2810
LOS ANGELES 90036 5909 West 3rd St. (213) 931-1371

POSTMASTER: Mail notices of address corrections to:

THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Circulation Dept., 425 W. Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. 60614

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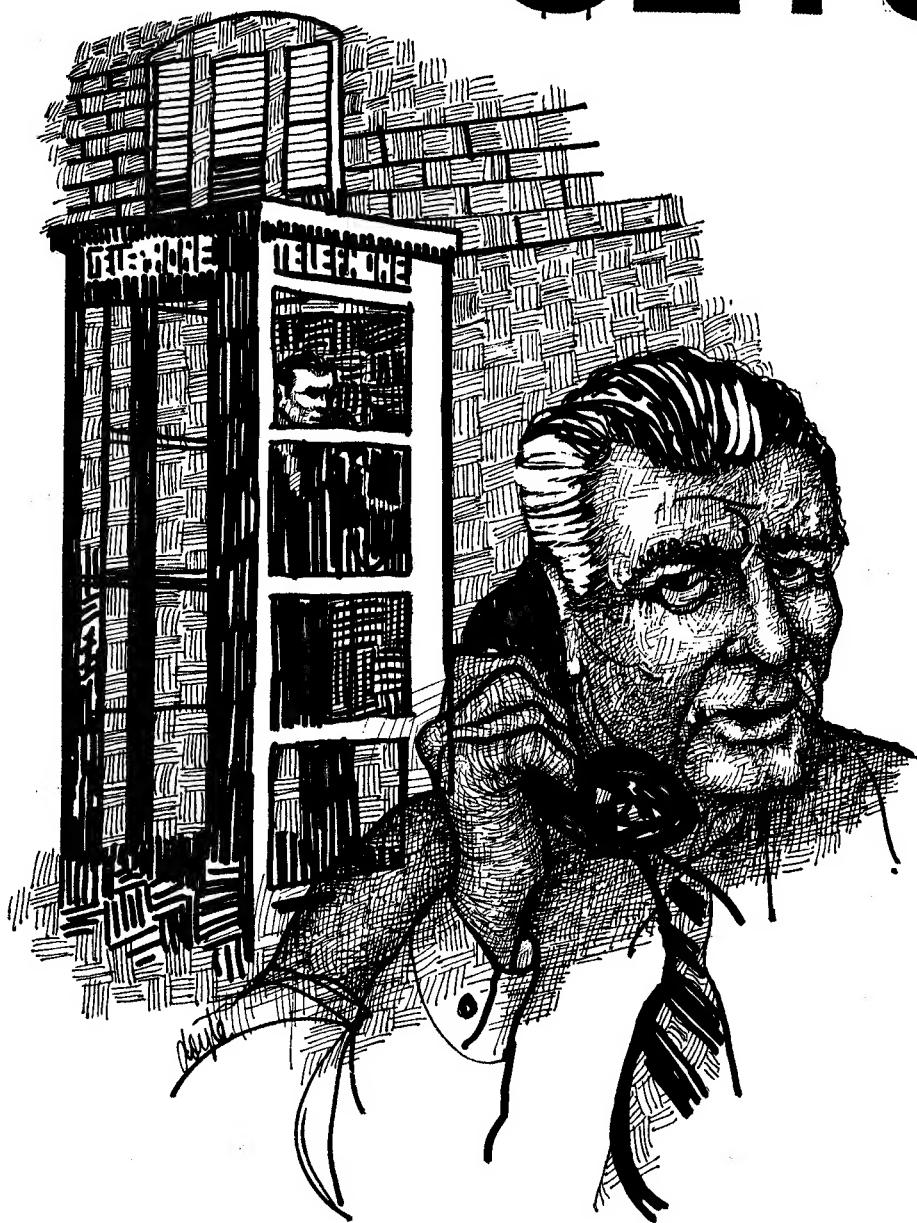
THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Volume 51, No. 1, June 1972. Published monthly at 425 Diversey Pkwy., Chicago, Ill. 60614 by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing office. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Single copy price 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions, for Elks \$1.00 a year, for non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Canadian postage, add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage, add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first class mail. They will be handled with care but this magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety.

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SETUP



by Jack Ritchie

Amos McNalley picked up the phone.
"Hello?"

The voice was a man's. "Mr. Amos McNalley?"

"Yes."

"My name is Hamilton. James Hamilton. I am a vice-president at the First National branch bank in the Southview Shopping Center."

McNalley was tall and thin and in his middle seventies. He nodded. "That's my bank."

"Yes. Mr. McNalley, I've heard that you are a respected citizen in this community. A man who can be trusted."

"I guess so. Why?"

"I...we would like your help, Mr. McNalley. Your cooperation."

"What's your trouble?"

"We have an employee—a teller—at our bank who...how shall I put it...of whom we are...suspicious."

"What's he been up to?"

"We think he's been doctoring his records. When a depositor withdraws one thousand dollars from his account, for instance, this teller marks the withdrawal as being eleven hundred, pocketing the extra one hundred himself."

"Sounds pretty simple-minded. Why isn't he behind bars?"

"He is very very clever, Mr. McNalley. Somehow he manages to cover up these shortages before we can check on his books at the end of the day. It's all very technical, Mr. McNalley

and would take a long time to explain. However, we—the officers of the branch and I—have decided that the best...the most direct...way of catching this criminal would be while he was in the *act* of committing the crime."

"I suppose so," McNalley said. "But where do I come in?"

"You have...let me see...I have your records somewhere here on my desk...something like \$10,000 in your savings account?"

"\$5,256 and some odd cents," McNalley said. "And the rest in savings certificates. Can't touch any of that but once in six months. Been thinking of putting everything into savings certificates."

"A very sound idea, Mr. McNalley. However for the moment...Ah, yes. I have the records now. \$5,256. And those extra pennies. But they do add up, don't they?"

"Which teller is it? There are three or four, as I remember."

"I don't think I ought to mention his name. You know how courts are these days about the silliest little thing. However if you go to the window where you'll find a young man in his late twenties, with black hair, and a mustache...."

"Oh, sure," McNalley said. "You know I never did trust him. I know you can't judge a book by its cover, but I just don't like him."

"Perhaps your instinct is more accurate than you suspect. Now, sir, it is just after nine a.m. We—the officers of the bank and I—would like you to go to this teller's window at exactly ten o'clock and withdraw \$5,000 from your account."

"Five thousand dollars?"

"We are not asking you to go through all this trouble for *nothing*, Mr. McNalley. We will see that you receive two hundred dollars for your cooperation in apprehending this criminal."

"Two hundred dollars?" McNalley rubbed his jaw. There was a pause. "If I withdraw the \$5,000, then what?"

"You put the bills into an envelope and leave the bank. You walk to that little park in the shopping center."

"Darrow Square?"

"Yes, that's the one. Anyway you go and sit down on one of the benches and wait for me. I should be there in five or ten minutes."

"Should I sit on any particular bench?"

"Anyone will do. I'll recognize you.

Hamilton, one block behind, found himself puffing when he entered the small foyer and very carefully studied the names on the glassed mail compartments.

When I join you, you give me the envelope."

"Give you the envelope?"

"Yes, you see that is evidence and we will need it."

"But...."

"You have absolutely nothing to worry about, Mr. McNalley. Our bank is bonded to cover the entire amount. It's just a *technicality* to satisfy the law, but we need the money when the police make the arrest. I will return the money to you immediately after. The whole operation shouldn't take more than half an hour. And remember, we'll give you two hundred dollars for your cooperation. Not bad interest for the loan of \$5,000 for half an hour, now is it, Mr. McNalley?"

"You want me to stay in Darrow Square until you come back with the money?"

"Exactly, Mr. McNalley. You stay there until I get back."

In the phone booth, the man who had identified himself as Hamilton waited exactly three minutes and then dialed McNalley's number again.

McNalley answered. "Hello?"

Hamilton had a talent for disguising his voice. "Is Bill there?"

"Bill? There's no Bill here."

"Isn't this 674-4778?"

"No. This is 674-4779."

"Sorry, I must have dialed the wrong number."

He waited another three minutes and then dialed McNalley's number once more. When he heard McNalley's phone ring, he hung up.

Good. The line hadn't been busy either time he dialed.

If the suckers didn't phone the police within the first five or six minutes, the chances were that they had been hooked.

Hamilton went back to the bar and ordered a whiskey and sweet soda.

Sitting on this particular stool, he could watch the front of McNalley's three story apartment building. He always liked the extra insurance of being able to do that. More than once he'd seen the squad car draw up when the pigeon got suspicious later and phoned the police.

Hamilton sipped his drink.

Why did they fall for it so often?

Ignorance, stupidity, old age. Sometimes all three?

Yesterday Hamilton had spent the morning in the lobby of the First National branch in the Southview Shopping Center. He had kept an eye on the deposit window. It was the second day of the month and that was usually a busy time, what with pension and social security checks being deposited.

He had selected Amos McNalley.

McNalley fitted the pattern. In his seventies or more. Good clothes. Neatly groomed.

Hamilton had followed him when McNalley left the bank.

McNalley covered four blocks at a brisk pace before he turned into the three story apartment building.

Hamilton, one block behind, found himself puffing when he entered the small foyer and studied the names on the glassed mail compartments.

Evidently the mail had just been delivered. There was mail in all the slots except one. Amos McNalley had apparently picked up his before going up to his apartment.

Now Hamilton glanced at his watch as he saw Amos McNalley leave the apartment building and begin walking toward the shopping center.

Hamilton quickly downed his drink and followed. He was puffing again when McNalley entered the First National branch building.

After approximately ten minutes, McNalley came out of the building. He blinked for a moment at the green square and its park benches. He sat down on one of them.

Hamilton waited another five minutes and then approached. "Mr. McNalley?"

McNalley looked up. "Hamilton? The vice-president from the bank?"

Hamilton nodded. "You have the money?"

McNalley took an envelope from his inside coat pocket. "You said something about two hundred dollars?"

"Of course." Hamilton brought out his wallet and removed two one hundred dollar bills. "Here you are, sir. And the bank wishes to thank you for your assistance."

Hamilton glanced into the envelope. The money was all there. "Now I'll go back to the bank and we'll get after

(Continued on page 42)



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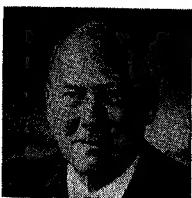
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GRAND LODGE COMPTROLLER RETIRES



After 31 years of service to the Order, Frank A. Vossel retires June 30, 1972 as Comptroller of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

Vossel at one time had been Grand Secretary. He accepted an interim appointment following the unexpected death of Grand Secy. Franklin J. Fitzpatrick in August, 1970 and served until January

15, 1971 when Homer Huhn, Jr., took over the duties of that office. While serving as Grand Secretary, Vossel continued to perform the duties of Comptroller.

Vossel is a Past Exalted Ruler of Evanston, Ill., Lodge No. 1316 where he has been a member for 31 years. He was born in Chicago and studied accounting at Northwestern University's School of Commerce. Vossel and his wife, Elsie, will be moving to Southern California.

GER E. Gene Fournace said, "I know I speak for all Elks when I extend to Frank our heartfelt thanks for his devotion to our Order for these 31 years. We wish for Frank and Elsie a long, happy retirement which they so richly deserve."

Setup (Continued from page 40)

that scoundrel immediately. I should be back in half an hour."

He took a dozen steps before he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned to face what instinct told him were plain-clothesmen.

The taller of the two spoke. "You are under arrest. You have the right to remain silent. If you do not choose to . . ."

Hamilton closed his eyes and listened to the bitter end.

McNalley joined them and spoke for Hamilton's benefit. "I waited fifteen minutes before I used the phone." He grinned. "I spent forty years on the force before I retired and the last ten were as head of the Bunco Squad. I think I learned a few things about Pigeon drops in that time."

Hamilton sighed. Every five years or so he had a day like this. It made him wonder if it was really all worthwhile.

Gallic Allure (Continued from page 38)

in order to "get out of Paris and see something of the French countryside—leaving the driving up to somebody else." Five miles from our rendezvous point Capt. Parsons moored the Palinarus for the night, leading his flock off to join the locals and to taste of wines in a cozy pub at Chevnon. By day the passengers sun themselves on deck or else ride away on bicycles which the Palinarus provides. At Avril sur Loire I bicycled away, peddling beside fields yellow with buttercups,

white with daisies and blood red with poppies, all of it framed by shocking green pastures and fields of wheat, waving in the cool afternoon breeze. En route I visited a supermarket which had on sale tape recorders, Frank Sinatra records and instant cake mix.

I rejoined the Palinarus at Decize. She'd crossed over to the Loire and was tied up alongside the riverbank several hundred yards downstream from the mainstream of town. Dinner was ready—and so was I.

Books:

COMPLAINTS, COMPLAINTS! You say the refrigerator you just bought won't hold ice? The washing machine growls, burps, and creeps across the basement floor each time you plug it in? The family bus uses half a tank of gas a day . . . just standing still? Never fear. CONSUMER COMPLAINT GUIDE is here (Macmillan Company; \$2.95). Billed as the "what to do when things won't work" book, this handy little action reference lists over 7,500 products and services and who to write when one of them goes berserk. Everything from garbage disposals to utility companies. Plus a section called "An Ounce of Protection," telling all about how not to get stung by common fraud outfits. (Did you know, too, that there's no difference between the terms "guarantee" and "warantee"? According to

author Joseph Rosenbloom, the terms are interchangeable; what they say, not what they're called, is what's important!) Tired of being pushed around by uncaring salespeople? Maybe it's time you acted. Maybe it's time you went right to the top. Maybe then you'll start getting your money's worth. And, after all, isn't that the name of the game?

Obituaries

PAST DISTRICT DEPUTY Edward B. Pugh, a member of New Bern, N.C., Lodge, died April 6, 1972.

He served as Exalted Ruler of his lodge for two terms, and was appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of his state's East District for 1966-1967. Brother Pugh served as association Vice-president for the 1967-1968 lodge year.